





VOICES

OF THE

NIGHT.

BY

H.W. LONGFELLOW.



Marianne Sayer.

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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M E M O I R .

Professor Longfellow was born in the city of Portland, on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College in his fourteenth year, and took his Bachelor's degree at that seminary in 1825. In the following spring he went to Europe, visited France, Spain, Italy, and Germany; studied at Gottingen; and, passing through England on his return, reached home in the summer of 1829. He was soon after appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and in 1831 was married. In 1835 he resigned his professorship, and went a second time to Europe, to study the languages and literature of the northern nations. He passed the summer in Denmark and Sweden; the autumn and winter in Germany—losing in that period his wife, who died suddenly at Heidelberg—and the following spring and summer in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in October, 1836, and immediately afterwards entered upon his duties as Professor of the French and Spanish Languages in Harvard College, at Cambridge.

The earliest of Longfellow's metrical compositions were written while he was an undergraduate at Brunswick, for "The United States' Literary Gazette;" and from that period he has been known as a *poet*, and his effusions, improving as each year added to his scholarship and taste, have been extensively read and admired.

Longfellow's works are eminently picturesque, and are distinguished for nicety of epithet, and elaborate, scholarly finish. He has feeling, a rich imagination, and a cultivated taste. He is one of the very small number of American poets who have "written for posterity."

RUFUS WILLMOT GRISWOLD.

PREFACE.

There is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems, as the *Luise* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Gothe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste, than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for

song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves ; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream ; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass ; you sneeze, and they cry, “ God bless you.” The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewed with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty house-wife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible ; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before ; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward, or town-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with

their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, “ How quietly they rest, all the departed ! ”

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man’s words, but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these

things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chantecler are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of bag-

gage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens ; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd ; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. “ How many are you ? ” asks the bride’s father. “ At least three hundred,” is the answer ; and to this the host replies, “ Yes ; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome ; and in token thereof receive this cup.” Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale ; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer’s yard, and riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist ; and around her neck strings of

golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—“I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland’s laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave.”

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish.

They sit long at table ; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off ; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broad-cast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are

pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine, white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with

apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales is come ! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder ; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night ; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness ! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday ! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight ! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime ; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chaunts,—

“ Ho ! watchman, ho !
Twelve is the clock !
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand !
Twelve is the clock !”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long ; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure ; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains ; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, “ the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esaias Tegner, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Warmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund as a student ;

and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexio, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is *Frithiofs' Saga*; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names, that adorn her history.

PRELUDE.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapsed in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
“ Come be a child once more ! ”
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer !
 Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
 Of tall and sombrous pines ;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And where the sunshine darted through
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again ;
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !
 Ye were so sweet and wild :
And distant voices seemed to say,
“ It cannot be ! They pass away !
Other themes demand thy lay ;
 Thou art no more a child !

“ The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels’ wings.

“ Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

“ There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past !
We can return no more ! ’

“ Look, then, into thine heart, and write !
Yes, into Life’s deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.”

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through the marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved, Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAM SAID TO
THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
“ Life is but an empty dream !”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
O no ! for that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

*FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with aweful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wonderous truths, and manifold as wonderous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield:

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

'THE BELEAGUERED CITY.'

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, the land ward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor centry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep-church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
“ Caw ! caw ! ” the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing ; “ Pray for this poor soul ;
Pray,—pray ! ”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
“ Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me ! ”

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from his breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“ Vex not his ghost ! ”

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, eleyson !

EARLIER POEMS.

These Poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion; “I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order ~~to~~ go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.”

EARLIER POEMS.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
• And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
 And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
 And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
 Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fills the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe aloud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN

OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,
AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“ Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud’s encircling wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are free !
Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“ Take thy banner ! but, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldest be spared !

“ Take thy banner !—and if e’er
Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—

And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills.
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldest forget,
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills !—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE
SPIRIT OF POETRY.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
 laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself

In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a brigh image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair

Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us,—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart!—One piercing neigh
Arose,—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

BALLADS.

BALLADS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Memoires de la Societe Royale des Antiquaries du Nord*, for 1838—1839, says ;

“ There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century ; that style, which some authors have, from one of its

most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old Northern architecture, will concur, **THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE 12TH CENTURY.** This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a wind-mill and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho; "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."

“ Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
 Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
And, like the water’s flow
Under December’s snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart’s chamber.

“ I was a Viking old !
My deeds though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse !
 For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern land,
By the wide Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;

And with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“ Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender :
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chaunting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to lea-ward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
 Stands looking sea-ward.

“ There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;

Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland ! *skoal!* ”*
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandanavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

THE

X WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South,

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ? ”

“ ’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”—
And he steered for the open sea.

" O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what it may be ? "

" Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! "

" O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ? "

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept -
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

* And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
* It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! "

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall ;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord ; " This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! "
The gray beard with trembling hand obeys ;

A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light;
“ This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it; *If this glass doth fall*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

“ ’T was right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! clang! to the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder’s fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“ For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling! clang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild flames start ;

The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe with fire and sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On' the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“ The stone wall,” saith he, “ doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyrehup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A Knight full well equipped ;
His steed was black, his helm was barred ;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds ;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels ;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was pois'd in rest ;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm,
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the Maidens Threc,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down ;
“ Art thou Christ of Heaven,” quoth he,
“ So will I yield me unto thee.”

“ I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet :
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight.”

“ Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight ;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens’ honor ! ”

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test ;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield ;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death ;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

THE

CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.

THE

X CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of
the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the
spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the
Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles
aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap
crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind
and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With
lips rosy-tinted

Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on
balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the
Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like
a leaf-woven arbour
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each
cross of iron
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined by the
hands of affection.
*Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the
departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embel-
lished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and
the hamlet,
Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and
children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil
of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-
changing moment,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in
quiet. *Also the church within was adorned, for this was the
season
In which the young, their parent's hope, and the loved-
ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their
baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned,
and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-
painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of
the Leafy Pavilions*
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on
the church wall
Grow forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pul-
pit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod of
Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the
dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-
flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted
by Horberg,†
Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of
angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy
leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked
from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the
sockets.

* The Feast of the Tabernacles ; in Swedish, *Lofhyddo-hogtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

† The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his
altar-pieces in the village churches.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd
was assembled
From the valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from
the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his
mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and
with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem im-
mortal
Of the sublime Wallin,* of David's harp in the North-
land
Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its power-
ful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven.
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face
upon Tabor.
Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend
Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a christianly
plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of
seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding
angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative
grandeur

* A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss covered grave-stone a sun-beam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly Gleams in the human soul, even now from the day of creation)

Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines St. John when in Patmos ;

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.

But with a cordial look, to the right and to the left hand, the old man

Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the inner-most chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,

Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.

Many a moving word and warning that out of the heart came

Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,

Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks
rosy-blooming.

But on the left-hand of these, there stood the tremu-
lous lilies,

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the
diffident maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down
on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism.
In the beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering
voice, but the old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the
doctrines eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips
unpolluted

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they
named the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all
courtesied'

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there
among them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the highest,
in few words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is
simple,

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its
meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when
Spring-tide approaches

Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant
sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected
blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in
the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian love of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers
and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each
well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and
straihway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate
Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and aweful as Death
and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher,
earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him
were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder
afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake
and he questioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the
Apostles delivered,

This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you,
while still ye
Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals of
heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its
bosom ;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its
radiant splendor
Rains from the heaven downward ;—to-day on the
threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your
election,
For she knows nought of compulsion, only conviction
desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of
existence,
Seed for the coming days, without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before
ye make answer !
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the
questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon
falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude
hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth
is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge
everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in wait-
ing beside him

Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.

Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?

Him who redeemed it, the Son and the Spirit where both are united ?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness ?

Will ye promise me this before God and man ? ”—With a clear voice

Answered the young man Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing

Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher

Clouds with thunder therein, and he spake on in accents more gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

“ Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome !

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters !

Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven
one father,
Ruling them as his own household,—forgiving in turn
and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught
us.
Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and
upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high
is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the
doctrine,
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered
and died for.
O ! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's
chill valley,
O ! how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to
turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where
Judgment
Stood like a Father before you, and Pardon, clad like
a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was
forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses
of heaven !
Seventy years have I lived already ; the father eternal
Gave to me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours
of existence,

When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have
instantly known them,
Known them all, all again ;—they were my childhood's
acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths
of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence,
bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of
the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring
billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship
she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the
desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself
knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful
and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,
For she commeth from God and she holdeth the keys
of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth in-
cessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of
heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the
Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames
ever upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;
Worship is called the most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.
Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us, Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and, with hands interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring

Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world
he created.

Earth declarereth his might, and the firmament utterereth
his glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from
heaven,

Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of
midnight millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but
counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the
judge is terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he
speaks in his anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the
roe-buck.

Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful
avenger

Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the
earthquake

Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whis-
pering breezes.

Love is the rock of creation; God's essence; worlds
without number

Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this
purpose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth
his spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
laid its

Hand on his heart, and felt it was warm with a flame
out of heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of
your being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 't was that you
may be happy

Gave he his only son. When he bowed down his head
in the death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was
completed.

Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple,
dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their
sepulchres rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each
other

Th' answer but dreamed of before, to creation's
enigma.—Atonement !

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is
Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful
Father ;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear,
but affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth
is willing ;

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love
only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou
likewise thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his
forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not
sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not
guided

By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst
thou hate then thy brother ?

'Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer
one letter

Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is called
Forgiveness !

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of
thorns round his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say,
dost thou know him ?

Ah ! thou confesest his name, so follow likewise his
example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his
failings,

Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly
shepherd

Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its
mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we
know it.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love
among mortals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and
stands waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his
eyelids.

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense.—
Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to
heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depth or the grave,
and beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play
of shadows !

Races, better than we, had leaned on her wavering
promise,

Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we
our Father in heaven,

Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been
illumined,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living
assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of
affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their
visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines
like the Prophet's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable
foundation

Draws she with chains down to the earth, and the
New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours
descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures
majestic,
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is
her homestead.
Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spon-
taneous
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is
an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no
more than
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear
witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only.
Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon
earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children does death
e'er alarm you ?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and
is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that
are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms
of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of
its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear, see dimly his
pinions

Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them !
I fear not before him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom

Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors ;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,

Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,

Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.

You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,

Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not :

Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.

God of the Universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,

Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven !

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,

Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them
all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the
way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may
they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may
I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaim-
ing with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou
hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the
beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the
altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration,
and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremu-
lous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon
them.
Now should have ended his task for the day; the fol-
lowing Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy
Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher
silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward;
while thoughts high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes
glanced with wonderful brightness.

" On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall
rest in the grave-yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken un-
timely,

Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the
hour is accomplished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will so ! for to-day grows the
harvest of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing
therein is

I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend
father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in
heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of atonement ?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told
it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token.
Established between earth and heaven. Man by his
sins and transgressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas
in the beginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its
crown o'er the

Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the
Heart the Atonement.

Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.

See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and
forward,

Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied
pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime
of mortals.
Brought forth is sin full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps
in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and
of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the
harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliver's
finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince
of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now
with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and
o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence
re-ascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives
in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is
Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible
token.
Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light
everlasting
Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that
has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children
Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem;

O ! Holy Lamb of God, who taketh away our transgressions.

Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy upon us !

Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.

« O ! then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard

Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children, (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a

Tremour of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen ; there saw they

Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping
full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them
pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands
full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent
tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE

× VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

✗ He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

✗ It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

* ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes !
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

× No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touched its strings ;
And whispers, in its song,
“ Where hast thou stayed so long ! ”

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream,—away !
Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
Left me that vision mild ;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PAJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTANO.

Spanish Proverb.

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !

And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior !

“ O stay,” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air
 Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device
 Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior !

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because, thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
 Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
 A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
 To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

GOD'S ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the arch-angel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place, where human harvests grow !

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Bell ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie !
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
Tellest thou at evening,
 Bed-time draweth nigh !
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully ;
Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by !

Say, how canst thou mourn ?
How canst thou rejoice ?
 Thou art but metal dull !
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form !
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm !

L'ENVOI.

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, " Be of good cheer ! "

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost ;

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where death encamps !

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